

# HOME TOWN HELPS

"SLUMS" OUTSIDE OF CITIES

Country Districts May Have Their Share if Proper Regulations Are Not Observed.

When we read or hear of slums we almost invariably think of the back, crowded, dirty and perhaps wicked districts in the large cities. It seems that there are rural slums. When the American Civic association held its convention it outlined a campaign of attack on the rural slum as it exists both in the village and in the open country. The campaign is a part of a wholly new movement for country planning which is intended to supplement and strengthen the work of city planning which the association has been carrying on with success for some years.

The civic association's information department speaks of the rural slum as if it were something newly discovered. It is true enough, as we already have suggested, that most people do not think of slums of having existence in the country, but that they are no strangers there has been known to some students of sociological conditions for a long time.

There are rural slums to be found in plenty in country districts where "good government" is supposed to rule the day. Slums spring up about the pens of the "blind pigs." These places are, perhaps, more of a menace to the country youth than the slums of a city are to the city youth. Because in some places there is a lack of more wholesome attractions, the country boy is led to seek what he thinks are recreation and entertainment in the plague places nearest at hand.—Chicago Post.

## CITY LOOKING INTO FUTURE

Billboards and Such Disfigurements Sternly Prohibited in Prosperous California Town.

We have one city with sufficient civic pride and backbone to say that no billboards shall be erected within her limits, and that one is Inglewood, a small city with great hopes and ambitions. It already has a civic center, starting with a five-block park system flanked on one side by a grammar school and a modern up-to-date high school second to none, and on the other side by city lands reserved for a city hall, fire house, etc., that in time will give Inglewood a centralized city government of a rare combination of beauty, usefulness and economy in so far as a municipal plan is concerned.

More expenditure is needed on the park system and a great improvement could be made in the appearance of both building and grounds of the grammar school. With this granted, this little city is well toward the head of the list in municipal improvements, and when that new city hall is built will outrank any place of like population known to the writer. And she is deserving of the greatest praise for keeping out the offensive billboard, which desecrates every landscape incumbered with one. Here's to a city council with the right sort of nerve.—Los Angeles Times.

## Municipalities Need Power.

Thomas Adams, English city-planning expert, on a recent visit to this country, emphasized the necessity of proper legislative steps to give municipalities power to carry out town-planning schemes. He pointed out that, to have a successful application of restrictive regulations, there must be co-operation between the owner and the municipality. "If you leave the control of your building development until the buildings are up, the owner is not going to submit to restrictions which will take away his property. If you go to him 12 years before, he will join you in the proper health regulation which will help him to properly control and restrict the property so long as you restrict everybody else in the district accordingly."

In closing, Mr. Adams said: "Somebody said yesterday that you, in America, have no war. Have you not? You have got war with potential degradation and slum life just as we have in Europe, and you have to fight it. You have war with all these difficulties that breed preventable diseases; with those difficulties that always confront us. I want to appeal to the American Civic association to be up and doing. Not only let it be said that this hemisphere is a place where there is liberty and freedom, politically speaking, but it is also a hemisphere of home."

## Prizes Worth Winning.

The national Americanization committee is offering prizes aggregating \$1,800 for plans, sketches, grouping and arrangements for small workmen's houses. The prizes are divided into two groups. The first covers plans for the housing of workmen in industrial communities not exceeding a population of 35,000. The prizes in this group are \$1,000 for the first, \$500 for the second and \$100 each for the third, fourth and fifth. The prizes in the second group—covering substitutes for old cars now used by railway construction gangs—are \$300, \$200 and \$100 for the first, second and third, respectively.

## ALFALFA FAVORED FOR SHEEP

Greater Gains Made in Test With Western Range Animals Than Those Fed Mixed Hay.

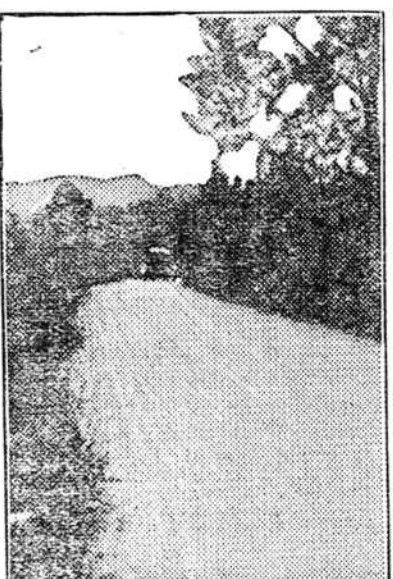
Greater gains are made by sheep fed on alfalfa than on any other hay. In a test where four lots of western range sheep were fed for 126 days on wheat screenings and different kinds of roughness, those receiving alfalfa gained .29 pound daily per head, while those receiving the mixed hay gained but .12 pound.

# ROAD BUILDING

ROADS IN PROPER CONDITION

Oiling, If Not Rightly Done, Will Simply Be a Waste of Money—Must Be Cared For.

On nearly every hand we hear the cry, "Oil the roads." "Why doesn't someone oil the roads and get rid of this terrible mud and slush that we are compelled to travel through so large a part of the year?" There seem to be some who think that if our roads were just oiled most of our troubles, so far as the roads are concerned, would be a thing of the past. Many of them seem to think that if the road bosses would only go out



Good Road in Illinois.

and pour some oil on the roads the thing would be done and our trouble would be over. While we are of the opinion that, if rightly done, oiling would be a great help, we are equally of the opinion that if not rightly done it will simply be a waste of money, writes T. T. Smith of Montgomery county, Illinois, in Farmers' Review.

To begin with, the road must be so shaped that water cannot stay on it; it must be so graded up in the center and the ditches so opened at the sides that the water will run off quickly, and it must be kept in this shape, or oiling will be of very little use. In fact, if we would only do the work necessary to fit the roads for oiling, we would have fairly good roads—such roads as could be used by an automobile most of the time. We haven't read of or heard of an expert on the oiling question but who says that before oiling the roadbed must be put in proper shape and after oiling it must be kept in shape. If this is not done we will be disappointed in the job. While we yield to no one in the desire for better roads, we are not very sanguine about oiling under present conditions. Judging by the work done by the majority of commissioners of highways, we have grave doubt about its advisability and we wish to repeat if we will only put the roads in proper condition and keep them in that condition, we will have good roads without oiling.

## INTEREST IN ROAD BUILDING

Until Farmer Becomes Owner of Motor Car He Is Apt to Be Conservative on Highway Question.

Never, perhaps, has there been so much interest taken in road building as is being taken now. This is caused largely by the automobile. Just in proportion as the number of automobiles increases the interest in road building increases.

Until he becomes the owner of an automobile the farmer is apt to be mighty conservative on the question of roads, says the Farmers' Mail and Breeze. Often he objects on the ground that making good roads increases his taxes and only affords a pleasure way for the automobile joy riders. As soon, however, as he becomes the owner of an automobile, he becomes a good roads booster and has little patience with the man who talks against good roads.

We are, however, learning a lot about building roads and still have a good deal to learn. It looks now as if the concrete road might be the last word in road building and prove in the long run to be the cheapest road that can be built. Finally, however, it is quite possible that the flying machine will reach such a state of perfection that flying machines will be as common as automobiles are now, and the need for roads for pleasure riding will be greatly lessened.

## Value of Good Roads.

Most people recognize the value of good roads. The only thing that keeps us from having good roads everywhere is the cost, and with a few miles of good roads made each year this country will soon be favored with a system of roads that will be in keeping with the wealth and prosperity of the country.

## USE REPELLANT FOR GAD FLY

Mixture of Tar and Lard on Nose of Sheep Is Recommended—Keep Animals in Dark Barn.

In the summer or early fall the egg of the gad fly is laid that causes grub in the head of sheep. A fly does the work, and the best way to prevent the grub is to prevent the egg being laid. A mixture of tar and lard smeared on the noses of the sheep herds repels the fly. This may be done on a large scale by forcing the sheep to take their salt out of auger holes made in logs or in boxes provided for the purpose, in fly season. Then keep these holes smeared with the tar and lard. It also helps to have a dark barn where the sheep can stand during the day, as the fly will not bother them much in there.

# THE LITTLEST BRIDESMAID

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

"If Nancy were only just a little bit taller, she might do." Marjorie glanced at the youngest member of the Raleigh family speculatively. "I do think it was perfectly fiendish of Dell to disappoint me right at the very last minute. She knew I never could get another girl way up here in the mountains in time for the wedding."

"Don't you care, Marge," Nancy spoke up generously. "I'll be the rescue party. I can wear your high-heeled slippers if I stuff the toes and I'll do my hair way up high. I don't mind a bit."

Marjorie went down to the veranda, where her mother sat planning the final arrangements for the wedding the next day, and presently Nancy heard the familiar voice call her down likewise for close inspection.

"The high heels would add to her height," Mrs. Randall said musingly, "and there's a little dress you wore at the Farley lawn party. You remember, dear, it has a lace underskirt and the overdress of white mull flowered in pink roses."

So it was arranged, and Nancy trod on air in the seventh heaven while the dress was altered to fit her slim, alert figure. The wedding was to be at ten in the little ivy-covered chapel across the winding road from the Raleigh estate. Nancy, as she came downstairs with the other girls, intent on her slippers and new dignity, heard one of the men saying that Andy was late as usual. And it meant nothing at all to her who Andy was or why he was late. She almost tripped on the veranda steps, but caught her balance.

"You tore the lace," Vera Kennedy whispered—the girl just behind her—and Nancy, taking one backward glance at the telltale shred dangling, slipped out of line and made for the sitting room for a pin. It did seem as if every pin had vanished.

"Did you lose something?"

Nancy was on her knees before the lower desk drawers when the new voice startled her. It must be a belated guest, she thought, yet a very desirable. He was tall and athletic and just dusty and rumpled enough to look refreshing after the groomed perfection of the others.

"Have you a pin?" asked Nancy. "I tore my skirt."

"Indeed I have," he retorted heartily. "Right here. Can I help the flower girl?"

"I'm not the flower girl," Nancy answered laughingly. "I am one of the bridesmaids."

"The littlest one," he added gravely, as she rose with the ruffle pinned safely in place. "Can you run? I've got to, because the ring's in my pocket and I'm late."

Nancy's blue eyes danced with sudden mischief. They went down the steps and the path on a run like children.

"You're Andy and you're always late," she said.

"You know, Nancy," Mrs. Raleigh said a few hours later, when it was all over and Marjorie started on the

crest of matrimony's tide, "you looked very winsome and sweet and acted very nicely. I was glad you didn't make yourself conspicuous at all."

"Yes'm," said Nancy demurely. And then, oddly enough, she went up to the little hall room, she the last of the Raleigh daughters, and just jumped into the cushions on the window seat, crying because Andy Kincaid had called her the littlest bridesmaid. The hair done high and the slippers and grown-up dress had not deceived him. He had smiled at her amusedly and had been nice just to please her in her masquerade. That was all. And yet she was really going on eighteen.

It was nearly dusk when the car stopped outside.

Nancy looked out the window, trying to distinguish the two figures. One was surely her father and the other the dilatory Andy. And they came up the broad veranda steps like a couple of pals together. Nancy stood in the little room, her heart beating fast like a captured bird, listening. Then came her father's step on the stairs, and she ran to meet him.

"Go down and welcome Andy, Nan," he said, cheerily. "He's going to

spend a week with us." His dau and I were chums through college. And listen, Nannie," as she started down, "I'll tell you mother why he's here myself, see?"

Nan caught at the big, strong hand on the bannisters, and pressed it to her lips, then went softly, shyly down to the big, shadowy living room where he stood waiting.

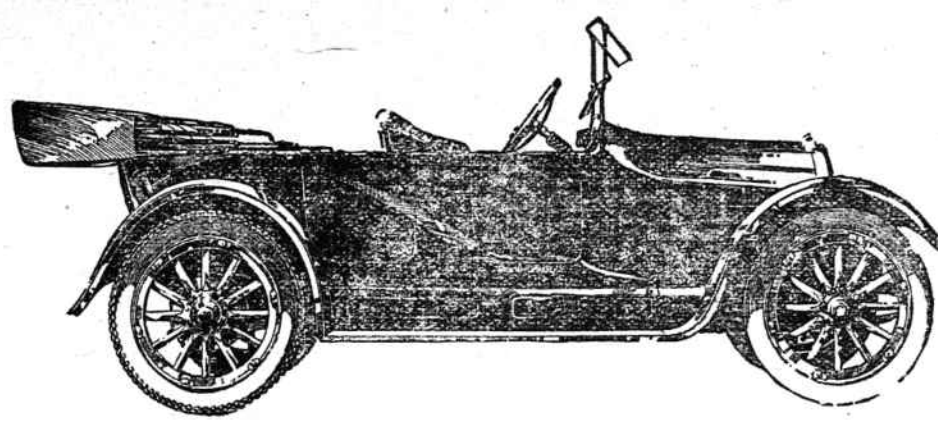
"I never dreamed you—you'd be back so soon," she faltered.

"I couldn't wait for you to grow up, dear. And when Mr. Raleigh asked me there at the station if I wasn't Tad Morrison's boy, I knew the trail led back to your feet. So here I am." He paused and took her hands in his, waiting. "I won't hurry you, you know; I won't say anything at all until you give me the signal, but I just wanted to come back and look in your eyes and be sure you knew me as I did you."

Nancy's voice was almost a whisper, a very hurried but eager whisper.

"I did—the very minute you gave me the pin. But how soon you came true."

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



31½ Horsepower  
New Series  
**Overland**  
Model 75 B  
\$635  
Roadster \$620  
F.O.B. Toledo

# Thousands Behind

Three to fifty per hour on high—that's the speed report we get from owners all over the country.

And 20 to 25 miles per gallon of gas is the economy report.

A corking good car—

A price that makes it the greatest value on the face of the earth—

That combination has kept the factory thousands of cars behind sales for weeks and weeks.

But we're getting them in right along.

Better see us about yours today.

Monterey Garage & Light Co., Dealer,

Monterey, Virginia

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

All the Best  
Proprietary  
Remedies  
You Read About

At Prices  
that are right

We carry a full line of the standard remedies. And our trade is brisk enough to insure a fresh stock at all times.

If you see it advertised in a reputable paper, you will find us always able to supply you.

We aim to keep in stock all the latest discovered remedies and ingredients prescribed by our local doctors. So, no matter what the prescription is, bring it to us.

Our prices are most reasonable because we know how to buy.

# SANFORD CARSON,

DRUGGIST

Monterey, Virginia

# WANTED

DRESSED TURKEYS AND CHESTNUTS

ROBT. T. COCHRAN & CO.,

290 Washington St.

New York City

# WE WANT

—Your—

Turkeys and Guinea Chickens

We Guarantee

Highest Market Prices. Prompt Returns.

Reasonable Drafts Honored

ROBERT J. HARRIS

—Associated with—

DREW & COOK

Licensed & Bonded Commission Merchants.

Poultry Eggs Squabs Etc.

36 Jay St.

New York

# If you could look into a million homes

Could you look into one home in every twenty in America and see in all of them a coffee being served that is good enough to make breakfast as happy as this—

If you saw all these homes using the same coffee—

You would never rest until you had tried that coffee.

Your grocer has it—Arbuckles'. It is the most popular coffee in America today!

Like the women in these million homes, you will find that Arbuckles' has the rich full flavor you have always wanted.

Serve it. See how much pleasure coffee can give.

To supply the women of America with their favorite coffee, ships of Arbuckles' Coffee are on the sea every day, bringing coffee from the coffee growing countries to their big plant on the New York waterfront.